

The Musical World.

SUBSCRIPTION:—Stamped for Postage, 20s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

VOL. 33.—No. 6.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1855.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

REACTIONARY LETTERS.

No. V.

(Continued from page 70.)

THE world is full of small money, in spite of California and Australia. The present age is rich in talent, but poor in really eminent minds. Or do people of merely mediocre abilities appear more numerous because they make so much noise? Or has the *Evil Demon*, Sin, actually forced its way into Nature? for, according to her mysterious code of laws, superfluity of any kind is a *crimen capitale*. However this may be, one thing is certain, namely: there are at present many persons of a subordinate class of mind; for whenever any individual happens to rise a little above the common herd, a number of slaves cling to him, as to their sovereign, playing, also, in their turn, the tyrant a little, and, with puritanical rigidity, filling their mouths in order to spirt forth *toads*, *reptiles*, and other pestilential horrors (with which names they favour the music of their predecessors). This is small money, large copper pence, several of which are required to make up a sovereign. They are doomed at last to the wash-kettle, while the golden coin just mentioned is changed into jewellery, and heightens the charms of beauty.

As we happen to be near the wash-copper, we will just wash off something—namely, the paint from the earthy faces of the Sectarians. This paint is the *Drama of the Future*. Wagner has prattled about it so interestingly in his book on *Drama and Opera*, that even learned men were prejudiced in its favour, the more so as he gives striking examples of the vast amount of nonsense sometimes contained in operas. For instance, the dearly-beloved of some knight is in danger of losing her life; she has been caught by the branch of a tree as she was falling from a rock, and is bobbing to and fro, sustained by her neck-lace alone, as a thief swings on the gallows in free England, for stealing a crown-piece.* The hero who remarks her danger, resolves to save her, but, previously to doing so, begins an air, with recitative, adagio and allegro, to which the chorus replies fifty times over, "Yes, yes," or, "Fly, fly, and save her." But stage vocalists are not even contented with the long air and *foriture* the composer has assigned them; they must add certain cadences, in which some high or deep note, that they happen to have in their throats, is introduced, a deep F or E for a bass, and a high B or even C for a tenor, or, if they are good hands at a shake, a few shakes; if they can manage the chromatic scale, they must have one or two flights in that style; then comes the conclusion with a "Yes" from the chorus, and the knight rushes off, with a round of applause, to save his *dangling beloved*.

It is exceedingly noble and even *virtuous* in Wagner not to hesitate exposing the weaknesses of his colleagues! "*La noblesse est fille de la vertu*," says Crébillon (although the daughter has often destroyed the mother). It is also very virtuous on his part to fall into a similar error—in *Lohengrin*, to wit—when he finds it totally impossible to pacify King Henry, because one knight has given another knight a rap on the head. Wagner lets him keep continually singing, "Heil deiner Art, Heil deiner Fahrt," and always *da capo* (which is far superior to the air of rescue we have mentioned above, with the "Yes,

yes," of the chorus). As we have said, this is virtuous, exceedingly virtuous in Herr Wagner, for it proves that he is no egotist, that his heart is not in his head, but, like that of any of his predecessors, near his bellows or lungs, and that he is not inclined to spare those of his king. The latter is on the stage, and may as well, therefore, earn the salary he gets as a deep bass. What is he paid for? This reminds us of the Austrian colonel, who, lost in deep meditation, listened awhile to the performance of the overture to *Die Zauberflöte* by the band of his regiment, but suddenly broke out with, "Band-master, I observed that the three trombonists only played at the beginning of the overture and afterwards did nothing for ever so long; what the deuce does such conduct signify?" The band-master explained matters in a low voice. "Humbug!" cried the Colonel, "Nonsense—pauses—rests—stuff! they are not paid for resting!" Wagner, therefore, is perfectly free from egotism, and does not raise himself over his predecessors and his contemporaries, as people are at first sight inclined to think he does, when he says of Auber's *Musette* and Rossini's *Tell*, that the authors have only taken pains to galvanise the half-putrid body of opera by means of national melodies, and that the Germans, who are most happy when the whole world has gone crazy, because they have then so much more to explain, to guess, to reflect upon, and, finally, to classify, have become quite charmed with the national and historical tendency. Yes, yes, that little rogue, Richard Wagner, only wished to give the Germans something to explain—reflect on—and classify, when he told them: "This is the Drama of the Future!" Shakespeare, Schiller, and Goethe understood nothing, for how do their kings behave? Why, merely like ordinary persons. In the Drama of the Future they will return to a state of nature, and, with the delight of children, when any one near them falls down in the mud, exclaim: "Heil deiner Art, Heil deiner Fahrt."

But if we leave that shadow, the "Drama of the Future," and take *Lohengrin*, as an opera, the whole affair is placed upon quite a different footing. We class Wagner not only among the good, but among the best composers, although we have much to reproach him with in the matter of harmony, modulation, and declamation, all of which the Sectarians rejected with the famous magic words, the "Drama of the Future." We will not, therefore, for the present, trouble ourselves about the small change, but contemplate the sovereign, in all its attractiveness, its perfume of youth, and standard of true gold, together with little touches of humanity and extravagant absurdities. *Poésies légères sont éternelles de feux follets.*

RACHEL.—The *Presse* states that Mdle. Rachel's resolution is irrevocable to quit the stage after her tour in America. Notwithstanding the authoritative tone of this assertion, we do not feel inclined to place implicit faith in it. If we are wrong, this secession will place the *Théâtre-Français* in a grave and awkward position. We shall have serious cause for speculation on the future situation of this theatre, if it be ever deprived, as we are led to suppose, of an actress to whom it owes so much of its glory.—*Messager des Théâtres et des Arts.*

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. E. T. Smith has again paid the rent of this establishment, with the addition of a month in advance. The committee and shareholders are in ecstasies; the public ———!

* The author of the Letters here gives proof of his intimate knowledge of English law.—TRANSLATOR.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

(Translated from Zelter's "Letters to Göthe.")

THE elder Bach (says Zelter, in a letter of the 8th April, 1827), is, with all his originality, a son of his country and of his own times, and yet he could not escape from the influence of the French—that is to say, of Couperin.* The endeavour to make oneself as agreeable as others, gives rise to that which does not last. All that is foreign to him, however, we can take away like a thick scum, and the bright liquid lies immediately below it. Thus I have for myself alone set to rights many of his sacred compositions; and my heart told me that old Bach nodded to me, like the good Haydn, "Aye, aye, that is just as I had wished it."

But then some come and say, no one ought to lay his hands upon anything in that way; and they are not quite wrong in saying so, for it is not every one that may venture to do so. However, that is to me a means of arriving at a knowledge and admiration of that which is true; and if I let them have their opinion, what is music to them.

The greatest impediment, in our time, consists clearly in the totally distorted German Church-texts, which succumb to the polemical earnestness of the Reformation, while they stir up the unbelieving by a dense faith-vapour which no one desires. That a genius in whom taste is innate, should allow a spirit which must be deeply rooted to spring up from such a soil, is now the most extraordinary thing about him. The most wondrous is, however, where he has had haste, yet not pleasure. I possess manuscripts of his, which he has begun three times, and then scratched them out again; he would, indeed, rather not have proceeded, but the next Sunday a marriage, a funeral procession, was before his door. Even the commonest memorandum paper appears oftentimes to have been scarce; but it must be accomplished,—so he sets forth on his march, and lo! at the end there is the great artist as he lived and loved. When he had finished it, he retouched it, and that, too, with a close writing, so darkly, indistinctly, and learnedly, since he was accustomed to use peculiar signs which everybody does not understand, that I am obliged to be cautious about falling upon his manuscripts, since it is not easy for me to come from them again.

(Göthe having expressed his surprise at Zelter's opinion, that the thoroughly original Bach was affected by foreign influence, Zelter enters at great length on the subject, in a letter dated the 9th of June, in the same year.)

What I call the French scum in Sebastian Bach, is certainly not easily lifted off in order to be laid hold of.

It is like the atmosphere, present everywhere, but nowhere perceptible. Bach passes for the greatest master of harmony, and that justly. That he is a poet of the highest order, one can scarcely venture to pronounce, and yet he belongs to those who, like your Shakespeare, are lifted up high above all childish things. As a servant of the Church, he has written for the Church only, and yet nothing of what we call Church-like. His style is *Bach-ish*, like everything that is his. That he was obliged to employ the common signs and terms *Toccata, Sonata, Concerto, &c.*, has just as much to do with it, as a man's being named Joseph or Christopher.

Bach's primal element was solitude, as you once recognized, when you said, "I lay in bed and let the Burgomaster's organist of Berka, play me *Sebastiana*." Such is he, he will be watched narrowly.

Now was he yet also a Man, Father, Gossip, yea, even Cantor in Leipsic, and as such nothing more than another, yet not much less than a Couperin, who had served two kings of France upwards of forty years. Couperin, in the year 1713, printed the First Fundamental Instructions for the Harpsichord—not for thumping, but for playing—which he dedicated to his king.

A king play the harpsichord, probably the organ, the pedals! Who would not do so after that? The new method of Couperin consisted principally in the introduction of the thumb, by which a rapid, certain execution was alone practicable.† Bach and the rest of the Germans had long practised this method, for it is understood of itself; the work of the right hand and of the left being however still defined, whereby the latter is obviously spared. The Bachish method lays claim to the use of the ten fingers, which are found to learn the service which their various lengths and powers fit them for, and this method we have to thank for the incredible things which our modern *touchers* attempt.

* Francis Couperin, Organist and Chamber Musician to Louis XIV. and XV., died in 1733. Some specimens of his compositions may be found in Sir John Hawkins' "History of Music."

† If I mistake not, in Carlo Dolce's *Saint Cecilia*, the thumbs are idle, if not hanging down.

And since now all men must be French if they would wish to live, Bach allowed his sons to practice the fine little elegancies of Couperin, with all the curling of the head-notes: nay, he himself even appeared as a composer in this style with the greatest success; and thus did the French frippery gain upon him.

Bach's compositions are partly vocal, partly instrumental, or both together. In the vocal pieces there often bursts forth something very different from what the words say, and he has been greatly blamed for this; moreover he is not strict in the observance of the rules of melody and harmony, which he with great boldness sets aside. When, however, he works up Biblical texts, such as "Brich dem Hungrigen dein Brodt," etc.—"Ihr werdet weinen und heulen," etc.—"Jesus nahm zu sich die Zwölfe," etc.—"Unser Mund sey voll Lachens," etc.—I am oftentimes compelled to wonder with what holy freedom from confusion, with what apostolic irony a something quite unexpected breaks forth, and which, nevertheless, arises no doubt against all the rules of sense and taste. A *Passus et Sepultus* lead us to the last pulsations of tranquil might: A *Resurrexit in Gloria Dei Patris* to the realms of holy sorrow for the hollowness of earthly pursuits. This feeling is, however, as it were, inseparable and it may be difficult to carry away from it a melody or even anything material. Now he begins afresh, now he strengthens himself, ever increasing his power at each repetition of the whole.*

Through all this, he is thus far still dependant upon his theme. We should, however, follow him upon the organ. This is the soul into which he directly breathes the breath of life. His theme is the feeling born on the instant, which like a spark from a flint springs up at once from his first casual pressure with his foot upon the pedal. Thus he proceeds on by degrees until he isolates himself, finds himself alone, and pours forth an inexhaustible stream into the boundless ocean.

Friedeman (of Halle), who died here, said, when speaking of this, "Compared with him, we all remain children."

Not a few of his great organ pieces are heard through, but not out, for there is no end in them.

But I will leave off, though I could yet say much more concerning him. When everything is considered which can be testified against him, this Leipsic Cantor must be looked upon as a revelation of God; clear, but inexplicable.

* The Leipsic and Zurich editions of Bach's works are said in the title to be "In the strict style," which they are, however, because they are Bachish, i. e. in so far as they belong to him alone—Zelter.

ORGAN BUILDING IN GENERAL.

In travelling over the country, for business, health, pleasure, we cannot help astonishment at the number of inferior and positively bad organs we encounter, in proportion to those of any sustainable pretensions to excellence. Go where we will, we are almost sure to hear of a church in the town or neighbourhood, possessing a "celebrated" organ. With this precious instrument, of course, we desire to make acquaintance. We get an introduction to the churchwarden and state our wishes. With some ceremony, and often no little difficulty, they are deemed sufficiently reasonable to be granted. But the churchwarden is a man of business, and official dignity to boot. He knows the value of the instrument committed to his charge, and cannot permit its being meddled with by a stranger, except in his presence. We acquiescently touch our hat, and so far the matter is settled. There is yet some doubt as to whether the sexton—another man of business and dignity—may see it convenient to provide the church-keys at any given time; and, lastly, the organist—as celebrated as his organ—a man horribly jealous of intruders, nervous lest the priceless instrument he commands should suffer by the maltreatment of the unskilful, and, perhaps, latently suspicious that they might carry away a double diapason, or some other trifle of the sort, in their pockets—has to be consulted. Expecting a treat, we patiently abide the issue, and, at length, all is arranged. We enter the church, wend our way to the organ-gallery, place our fingers on the keys, primed with hope and expectation, when, lo!—*parturiunt montes*, etc.—we discover an assemblage of rubbish that would be dear at ten per cent. on the prime cost of so much firewood! We remonstrate, and are gravely informed that our judgment is in error. The organ was built by Messrs. So-and-so of London, or elsewhere, cost so many hundred pounds, contains such a number of stops, and

must, therefore, be a fine instrument. Is it not loud? We concede the point. Is it not soft, when required? There is no denying it. Has it not all the keys and pipes it professes to have? We bow assent. What, then, is the matter with it? Considering the nature of the questioner, we find this somewhat difficult to explain; and caring not, at the moment, to dispel a pleasing illusion, we thank the churchwarden for his politeness and make good our retreat. Though, of course, not universal, this kind of thing happens nine times out of ten to those who, loving a good organ, seek it in places where it is popularly said to be found. Now, we may ascribe all our disappointments of the sort, either to a general want of taste in those who buy organs, or a considerable proportion of incompetence among those who make them. Perhaps, as in most two-sided questions, an equal mixture of both suppositions will give a just result. Errors of taste are easily understood. There is no musical instrument so difficult to judge critically, and, therefore, none about which so much general error prevails, as the organ. In one case, a good crashing full-organ, with pedal pipes that sympathetically shake all the pews and imperil the digestive functions of the congregation, is held to fulfil all the conditions of a fine instrument. In another, two or three pretty flutes and a reed that just safely escapes either a screech or a grunt, are found sufficient to decide a maker's celebrity. Too seldom is the attempt made to test an instrument on its general merits,—to insist that all its qualities shall be equally good in their kind, and all its combinations equally effective.

Quite as much error is prevalent as to the relative merits of various builders. Popularly, any man who writes "Organ-builder" over his door, keeps a respectable stock of timber, with some tons weight of metal to match, owns a dozen glue-pots and pays wages on a Saturday night, is competent to the greatest task the chances of patronage may throw in his way. It is all a question of size—nothing more. Brown, or Jones, or Robinson, could build another Haerlem organ quite as well as Hill, or Gray and Davison. In reality, however, this is a total, and often fatal, mistake. The power of making a really fine organ is in extremely few hands,—so few, indeed, that were we to specify the probable number, our statement would scarcely be received by those not intimately conversant with the facts. When, however, we ask the incredulous to consider how few makers in this country can, or at least do, produce a first class grand pianoforte, they will, perhaps, more readily believe our assertion that the organ—an instrument infinitely more various in character, infinitely more complicated in construction, than the pianoforte—must be sought, in perfection, from even still fewer sources. But to exemplify, in some measure, the assumed difficulty. The first thing is to decide on the size and kind of contents necessary for an organ destined for a given use and given space; and there is scarcely anything in the whole matter about which so little skill and principle of action are displayed as in this, apparently, simple operation. Usually the difficulty is solved by a species of rule-of-thumb process. The "organ designer" has a certain quantum of varieties to choose from, and selects according to the funds he has to pay with. Into one scale he puts a defined amount of current coin, and in the other he heaps up diapasens, principals, fifteenth, mixtures, and trumpets, until the gold will no longer balance the tin—(shade of Father Smith! forgive us for the untechnicality—untruth, too, in these days!—*metal*, we should have said)—and thus the organ is "designed." So entirely stereotyped has this process now become, that—with, perhaps, but two exceptions—give us, for two terms of the sum, the builder's name, and the price he is to receive, and we warrant the third term—namely, the contents of the organ—comes out right by way of answer. But suppose unusual success to have attended this initiatory step, and that, either with the assistance, or without the interference, of a "competent professor," a fine organ has been planned; its execution has still to be brought to a successful issue. In its purely mechanical aspect, the making of a small organ is a very trite and accessible operation: a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and a good joiner would almost settle the matter without further assistance.

A large organ, however, taxes the resources of its builder in a

wholly different way. No stranger, wandering about a grand church, and seeing the exterior of a magnificent instrument at its west-end—(by the way, he must not try a very big church, or he will see no organ at all, and probably hear worse than none)—can imagine the wilderness of work there is shut up within it. Every impulse originated by the player has to be transmitted by delicate machinery, hither and thither, and to distances and in directions, that would quite bewilder a stranger to such things. And it is not enough that this machinery does its work with mere safety, and after some rough and disagreeable fashion either to the player or itself. It must be planned to be as little exposed as possible to the liability of friction, or derangement, it must occupy as little space as is consistent with a safe system of construction, every part of the multitudinous assemblage must be placed to give the largest possible facilities to the eye and hand for purposes of reparation, and, lastly, elegance and symmetry of arrangement are, by no means, to be overlooked. If not altogether the task of an engineer, it makes the nearest imaginable approach to it. Still, however, all this work, this *manufacture* of a large organ, complicated as it is, is tolerably accessible at present. A sound mechanical head—the proper use of proper brains, and an unsparing employment of the drawing-office, will generally accomplish it for all practical purposes, if not with the refinement and perfection of which the thing is capable. But suppose the large organ thus completed, and a rival even, in constructive excellence, to that of the *Madeline*, or any other *chef-d'œuvre*. It is still voiceless, speechless,—it has yet to be made a musical instrument. Here are the pipes, then, ready from the maker's hands,—some three or four thousand in number, as the case may be. Take them up and examine them. They are all perfectly well made—no fault can be found with them. Yet for all musical purposes they are at present altogether worthless. "They have neither speech nor language,"—they cannot breathe an articulate—certainly not an agreeable sound. And here steps in the hand of the *voicer*—the last and most important artificer in the work. As the organ is king of instruments, so is the voicer king of the organ. To his functions there is no exact analogy in any other case of musical instrument making. The nearest parallel is the pianoforte *finisher*—the man who sits patiently beside a "set" of hammers, and by picking here and scratching there, finally reduces their covering to the substance, and, consequently, the pianoforte itself to the quality, desired. Everybody knows how much the services of these men are coveted, and how pre-eminently the possession of good finishers influences the success of great pianoforte makers. The pianoforte "finisher," however, has to deal but with one quality and one material,—the organ "voicer," on the other hand, is required to perfect at least twenty. He has to determine the quality of each stop with regard to its separate effect, and, again, in combination with every other. Within certain limits, pre-defined by the scale and form of the pipe, he can, by various delicate manipulations, mould its tone to his fancy, or knowledge of what is required of it. It is his office thus to treat every individual of the vocal multitude which occupies the sound-boards of a large organ—to give to each its distinctive character, and yet to preserve among all obedience to the dominant unity of effect. At a glance, it will be recognised that to do all this in perfection demands good schooling at the outset, great experience, and fine natural taste. Much of it is to be taught, beyond doubt; but after all the discipline in the world, much yet remains which can scarcely be acquired—knack, quickness of perception, and that species of taste which a man must have as a birth-right, or no at all. When we say that there are not six men in all this great country, competent to voice a large organ as it should be done, we are confident of making no under-estimate of their number.

We have thus done something towards explaining the difficulties that stand in the way of producing a really fine large organ; sufficient, perhaps, to show that that commodity is not to be picked up in the random every-day fashion very frequently supposed. It may be assumed, as a fact, that the builder who possesses the best voicers will, on the whole, produce the best instruments. In the long run, too, he will not, on this account, neglect the mechanical and subsidiary departments. If he act

but as a mere tradesman, he will, for his own sake, make provision, at least, for the soundness of his work; if he have an artist's feeling in the matter, he will do his best towards attaining perfection. In any case, however, the ear is the ultimate court of appeal for the organ as for all other instruments. Be its mechanical defects almost what they may, they are but the discomfort of the one who plays; while the beauty of its voicing still remains the enjoyment of the hundreds who listen. The first-class voicers, however, like other precious and costly animals, are, naturally enough, only to be found at establishments of high position and capital; and to one of these—two, or at the utmost, three, in number—must they even go who require a fine organ. Bearing in mind our reference to the admitted facts as to the narrow limits within which an unexceptionable grand pianoforte can be relied on, our readers will not wonder that the power of producing an equally unexceptionable grand organ should be as much, if not more, circumscribed.

In saying all this, we are very far from the wish to discourage the efforts, or depreciate the talents, of the smaller builders, either metropolitan or provincial. All these have, beyond doubt, their respective merits, and much desire to do well in their appropriate class of work. This, however is not the making of a grand organ. For any great enlargement of this faculty at present, three things, at least, are still wanting. First, that organ-builders in general should, after somewhat expanding their own notions on the subject, work with might and main to educate a class of voicers equal to any task; second, that the public should be able a little more critically to distinguish between that which looks big and makes a great noise, and that which is intrinsically excellent; and third, that professors who may be called upon to act in such matters should either not, for any consideration, give the sanction of their approval to that which they know to be imperfect, or, if they know nothing of it, should refrain from meddling with that which they do not understand.

NEW ORGAN FOR VICTORIA HALL, BELFAST.

This instrument has recently been completed by Mr. Robson, of St. Martin's-lane. A short description of its contents is subjoined:

The instrument is prepared to consist, when complete, of 3 rows of manuals from CC to C and 33 stops; but the Society only feel justified at the present time in finishing two sets of keys and 21 stops. The pedals are from CCC to F, the organ being tuned on a more equal division of temperament than usual.

GREAT ORGAN.			SWELL ORGAN.		
Compass CC to C (61 notes).			Tenor C to C (49 notes).		
	Ft.	tone. Pipes.		Ft.	tone. Pipes.
1. Bourdon	-	16 61	1. Double Diapason	-	16 49
2. Tenoroon	-	8 49	2. Open Diapason	-	8 49
3. Open Diapason	-	8 61	3. Stopped Diapason	-	8 49
4. Dulciana	-	8 49	4. Principal	-	4 49
5. Stopped Diapason	-	8 61	5. Flute (prepared).		
6. Principal	-	4 61	6. Doublette	-	ranks 2 98
7. Flute	-	4 61	7. Mixture (prepared).		
8. Twelfth	-	3 61	8. Contra Fagotta (prepared).		
9. Fifteenth	-	2 61	9. Cornopean	-	8 49
10. Sesquialtra	-	ranks 4 224	10. Oboe (prepared).		
11. Mixture (prepared).					
12. Trumpet	-	8 61			343
13. Krum Horn	-	8 49			

810

4 Composition Pedals to the foregoing.

The Choir Organ is prepared for 7 Stops.
Pedals, CCC to F.

1 Open Diapason, 16 feet. 30 notes.

As will be seen in the list of stops, some important places in the sound-boards of this organ are yet, for economical reasons, unoccupied, and it is therefore impossible to speak of its complete effect. Enough, however, has been finished to indicate a marked improvement in the builder's general style of work. The mechanical department of the instrument—as is usual with

Mr. Robson—has been executed with great neatness and efficiency; and we are glad to perceive that in that far more important item, tone, he is struggling hard for advancement. The qualities of the present instrument are better, both individually and in combination, than in most of his previous specimens.

Mr. Robson is one of those organ-builders from whom we hope for something beyond the common run of things. He is young, energetic, devoted to his calling, anxious for improvement, and unsparing in experiment. All these qualities have only wanted a right direction. While he is never parsimonious of trouble and cost in the manufacture of his instruments, his fault and failure have hitherto been, that his style of voicing—with all its undoubted merits in certain individual stops—has not been at all adapted to the larger class of instruments. The old twaddle about this or the other organ being celebrated for its "fine diapasons," is one of those obstructive fallacies that are now fast disappearing. Not one, not fifty, swallows make a summer. We must have all the attributes of summer assembled together, before we invest ourselves in "white ducks" and straw-hats, or yield any other acknowledgement of its presence. An organ ought not to be, cannot judiciously be, celebrated for anything short of its total excellence. What imports it that a cremona be lovely, or an oboe entrancing, if the full great organ, for example, have only an effect of teeth-whetting thinness, on the one hand, or inextricable muddle and confusion, on the other? We do not put this instance as referable to the Belfast organ;—we merely state a cause of too general failure, in which, among others, Mr. Robson has often borne his share. In the present instance it is, rather, our pleasant duty to congratulate the builder on his progress towards that condition of tone which is, doubtless, as much his desire as that of any of his critics.

At the foot of the printed description, we are informed that "the design of the instrument is by Mr. Albert Dawes, organist to the Society." In what part of the "design" there is anything sufficiently peculiar and unconventional—(unless it be in the reproduction of the name "Tenoroon," which was always an unmeaning absurdity, or the total misapplication of the French word "Doublette" to a stop of two ranks)—to warrant a special reference to its author, we are unable to discover.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEVER did manager attempt a more hopeless task, than he whom luckless fate has placed at the head of the Italian Opera in Paris. English, French, or Italian alike breaks down under a load too heavy for mortal shoulders. Mr. Lumley, Sig. Ronconi, Sig. Tamburini, and Colonel Ragani are the last unfortunates, and Mr. Gye may thank his stars that the terms which he offered were not accepted. It is difficult to assign a sufficient reason; for, be the supply of *artistes* what it may, though Sontag, Alboni, Cruvelli, Mario, and Bosio assist, the result is the same, and the finale invariable. The Opéra, with its great subvention, and with the Government at its back to defray all losses, is a powerful competitor. The Opéra-Comique and the Théâtre-Lyrique, with their excellent appointments, and their artists and repertoires so suited to the Parisian taste, are dangerous rivals. And then the French are in truth not a musical people. They love a clever piece intermingled with songs; but an opera, where there are no *bons mots*, and where song alternates with recitative, is altogether disagreeable to them. In these and many other causes must we seek for the constant failure which awaits the director of the Italian opera in Paris; and I grieve to say that the present management is no exception to the general rule. Artists of first-rate talent have been introduced to the public; much that is new in the modern, much that is good in the ancient school, has been brought upon the stage; but to no purpose; and I fear that the present direction will not be able to keep the theatre open until the Exhibition brings its expected multitudes to Paris.

The last novelty was *Gli Arabi nelle Gallie*, by Pacini, of which the *maestro* himself superintended the rehearsals, and for which

he wrote some additional pieces. The Emperor and Empress were present at the first representation last week. Mad. Bosio, Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and Sig. Baucardé were excellent in their several parts, and all seemed to promise a greater success than had yet attended the efforts of Colonel Ragani. *Mais l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*; and Mad. Borghi-Mamo, after the second night, received certain significant warnings of her critical condition, and has been unable to appear again. In fact, her husband anxiously expects the hour when he can respond to all inquiries that "Mother and child are doing well." The opera, which had cost a large sum for decorations, scenery, etc., is thus nipped in the bud, and the management is thrown back on *Il Barbiere* and *La Sonnambula*.

The first act of *Gli Arabi nelle Gallie* (*The Arabs in the Gauls*), opens with an introduction full of spirit. It was written as far back as 1827; but so thoroughly has Pacini been pillaged by more modern composers, that one recognizes every bar, and considers that it is he who has stolen from those who, in fact, had previously "borrowed" from him. The introduction is followed by a new *cavatina*, written expressly for Mad. Borghi-Mamo, who sings, or rather sung, it in a style, which for purity could hardly be excelled. Then comes a *Polonaise*, exactly suited to Madame Bosio. It is full of difficulties, dangers, and "impossibilities," which she masters with a facility really surprising. It is more than probable that Madame Bosio will sing this air in London, and you will then judge for yourself how she deals with passages which most others would despair of attempting. The *Polonaise* is succeeded by a new duet for Mesdames Bosio and Borghi, a graceful *morceau*, which was admirably interpreted, and produced a marked effect on the opening night.

The second act brings us to the Arab camp. Signor Baucardé opens it with the great air of the opera. I told you when I first heard him that he was a talented singer, and he asserted his pretensions to the satisfaction of the entire audience. I have seldom heard a performance more deserving of the applause it obtained. When we remember that Signor Baucardé has been afflicted with "influenza" since his first arrival in Paris, his efforts deserve the more encouragement. A new prayer and chorus succeed the tenor; and the *finale*, which forms part of the original opera, is dramatic and clever. In the third act the author has made no change, with the exception of a new air introduced for Madame Bosio. The duet, "Di quelle trombe al suono," the parent of the more famous "Suoni la tromba" and a host of others, was effectively sung, and encored; and a chorus of Arabs was admired for its freshness and spirit. The fourth act contains only a *finale* for the tenor, who has received his death wound; a song for the bass; and a quartet which terminates the opera. All justice was done to the composer by the *artistes*, who exerted themselves in a praiseworthy manner throughout. Madame Bosio surpassed herself, in the brilliancy of her *l'avant* vocalisation, and the exquisite style in which she sang the music. A spark or two of "Promethean fire," a touch of that which is necessary for the actress as well as the vocalist, and what might Madame Bosio not attempt! Madame Borghi sings five times, and always well. Her vocalisation is excellent, her voice sympathetic, and her acting intelligent. When one thinks of the difficulties under which she laboured (I mean no pun) the first night, her performance was most extraordinary. Signor Baucardé added to his reputation, and Signor Graziani, as usual, was zealous and conscientious. The orchestra, under the able direction of Signor Benetti, was all that Signor Pacini could have desired. The public, though anything but enthusiastic, was evidently pleased, and the only man who profited not, who sows where others reap, is the luckless manager, Signor Ragani, who, after spending a large sum in decorations, etc., is left with the expenses on his hands for the remainder of the season.

A ballet called *Idalia*, the music by Scaramelli, got up expressly for Mdle. Flora Fabri (who was at Drury Lane Theatre in 1845-6), has been produced at the Porte St. Martin. The decorations are new and imposing, and a set scene of a garden in the Italian style, with fountains, vases, &c., is really charming. Mdle. Flora Fabri dances admirably, and, in the

Pas de Triomphe of the last act, was enthusiastically applauded. The ballet was preceded by a new drama called *Jane Osborn*. Jane Osborn has been seduced by a gentleman in Berkshire, and deserted. She is weeping over her fall by the cradle of her daughter, Alice, the fruit of her sin, when overtures are made to her by Lord Nottingham; at the same time that her doctor, George Lambell, demands her in marriage. She yields to the brilliant offer of Nottingham, and becomes a courtesan famed for her vices throughout all Europe. We see her fifteen years afterwards, when she has ruined hundreds, still followed by Nottingham, who incurs a debt of honour which he cannot pay, and Jane supplies him with the thousands required for the purpose. She then meets with her daughter, quits her vicious life, and retires into a sequestered village, still accompanied by the Doctor Lambell, who acts as a protecting genius. The daughter has been coveted by a nephew of Nottingham, "Sir Arthur," and Alice knows not her mother's character. She is about to be married to a worthy young man, one Edward Garillan, when "Sir Arthur" arrives, and declares what Jane Osborn's past life has been. The daughter remains true to her mother, who dies of grief and shame in her arms; George Lambell, mortally wounded in a duel by Sir Arthur, gives his name and fortune to Alice, who marries Garillan. The drama is written by a lady, Madame Léonie d'Aulnay. It is well acted by MM. Lugnet and Mad. Lucie-Mabire, and is accepted as a true type of English manners in the 19th century!

(From another Correspondent.)

ANOTHER communication—I really hope the last—in the matter of the Ronconis, has appeared in *Figaro*, where the correspondence was first broached. Mad. Ronconi has replied to her husband's advocate, by the following letter:—

"TO MONSIEUR PRIGNÉ.

"Paris, 3rd January, 1855.

"MONSIEUR,—I do not know whether your business habits entitle you to dispense with politeness, but they ought not to have the same effect on your sincerity. You know very well—and I regret being obliged to make the public acquainted with these private details—you know very well, I repeat, that with regard to the 10,000 francs, which ought to have been handed to me by M. Rougement, a part was applied to the payment of a creditor of the *Théâtre-Italien*, who had attached the amount in the bank. I have, therefore, accused no one, as you basely insinuate in your letter. I said, simply, that I had not received the sums you stated, and I defy you to contradict me.

"I consider I am acting with great forbearance by not recalling to your memory at this moment, all the trickeries I have submitted to from you since you have been the solicitor of Sig. Ronconi. Have you forgotten that on the 3rd of November, in the arrangement between M. Cremieux and my solicitor, M. Lacomme, I accepted all the conditions it pleased you to impose on me in the name of my husband; and that on the 27th of December, when I called upon you, for the purpose of receiving the money which ought to have been given me, you declared that I had nothing more to expect from M. Ronconi. Such an assurance, I think, amply justified me in addressing my letter to His Majesty the Emperor of Russia.

"Yours, &c.,

GIOVANNINA RONCONI."

The receipts of the Paris theatres for the month of January were as follows:—Imperial Théâtres (with subvention), 397,892 francs 87 cents; Second-class Théâtres, 723,126 f. 13; Concerts Balls, and Café-concerts, 142,853 f. 53; Sundry Exhibitions, 22,563 f. 90; Total Receipts, 1,266,436 francs 43 cents.

Mademoiselle Fernand, a favourite actress of the *Théâtre-Historique*, the *Gaité*, the *Ambigu*, and the *Odéon*, died, much regretted, on the 21st of January last, aged 31.

The first and second *séances* of chamber music have taken place at the *Salle Pleyel*, before a numerous audience. The executants were MM. Alard, Franchomme, Adolphe Blanc, Casimir Ney, and Deledique. M. Francis Planté was the pianist. These performances were instituted by MM. Alard and Franchomme, eight years ago. A new comedy in five acts has been produced at the *Odéon*, entitled *La Femme d'un Grand Homme*. At the Grand Opéra, they are still performing with the greatest success, Auber's *Muette de Portici*; *Lucia* has also been done, and with little or none. At the *Théâtre-Français*, the representations of *La Czarine* have been interrupted by the indisposition of Mdle. Rachel, and the management has been

obliged to fall back upon the comedy of *Les Ennemis de la Maison* and other pieces. The *Etoile du Nord* has been continuing its career of almost unexampled success at the Opéra-Comique, relieved, on alternate nights, by the *Pré aux Clercs*, the *Chien du Jardinier*, etc. The *Muletier de Tolède*, with the fascinating Mario Cabel, is still in vogue at the Théâtre-Lyrique; and *Robin des Bois*, up to this time, has drawn full houses. At the Vaudeville, the revival of Favart's *Chercheuse d'Esprit* has proved attractive. *Le Diable* is played every night at the Variétés, together with *Les Amours d'un Serpent*, and the little comedy of *Au Coin du Feu*. At the Gymnase, we have to confirm the success of M. Emile Augier's comedy, *La Ceinture dorée*. At the Gaité, the drama of *Le Masque de Poix* still attracts; and, at the Cirque, they are giving the last representations of the *Conquêtes d'Afrique*, which is to be replaced shortly by the *Drapeau de Wagram*, an historical drama by MM. Albert and de Lusières. At the *Folies Dramatiques*, M. Blondelet lately took his benefit, on which occasion the burlesque melodrama of *La Forêt Périlleuse* was produced, with such success that the management has announced it for repetition every evening.

4th February.—I was present, the other day, at one of the concerts of the Society of *Sainte Cécile*. It was the first time during my stay in Paris that I had heard the assembly of artists bearing that name. They claim to rank in celebrity next after the *Conservatoire*; but, I must say, that the gulf between them is immeasurable. The following was the programme:—

Overture, "La Mer Calme"	Mendelssohn.
Two Brunettes (composed in 1850):	
Aria—Jean de Paris	Boieldieu.
Fantasia—violinello	Pilet.
Symphony in E flat	Mozart.
Romance and Chorus (Rosalind)	G. Schubert.

The orchestra is immense, and composed mostly of good artists. The conductor, M. Burbureau, has a fault that I cannot pass over. He indicates the *diminuendos* and *decrescendos* by *hisses*, which, if indispensable, at least prove a bad method of drilling. Mendelssohn's overture to *La Mer Calme* (*Meerestille*) was dashed off by the orchestra, listened to by the audience, and *hissed* by the conductor. How seasick Mendelssohn would have been had he heard it played by these Saint Cecilia's! Their sea was rough, whilst the orchestra was calm—tremendously calm. The two *Brunettes*, by an unknown composer, which followed the overture, though rather ancient, as their date fully denotes, and rather dry, were well executed. A *brunette*, then, is a glee for four voices. Good. A "gem" followed—viz., the delicious air of the Seneschal, from *Jean de Paris*, well sung by M. Stockhausen, a German, with a good voice and a good method. I believe it was M. Stockhausen's first appearance before a Parisian public. He has a good name in Germany as a concert singer, and it is to be regretted that he is not on the stage. He is well known, however, to you amateurs, in England. Herr Stockhausen sings, as the Germans say, "from his soul." Mozart's beautiful symphony went off pretty well, to say the most of it. The minuet and trio were encored. Schubert's romance from *Rosalind* was sung by a young lady with a pleasing voice, and the choral parts were given with great purity by the vocal members of the Society. It is useless to speak of the violincelist and his composition. You recollect M. Pilet in London. He and M. Deloffre were the Siamese Twins at such rosin. *La Juive* will be revived very shortly at the Opéra. M. Halévy is working hard at the rehearsals of his new opera with Mdlle. Sophie Cravelli, from whom great things are anticipated in the part of Rachel. *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* is postponed till March. Probably not until Sebastopol is stormed will Sig. Verdi storm anew the ears of the Parisian public.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—Colonel Taylor, M.P., (county of Dublin) and the Honble. Robert Bourke (son of the Earl of Mayo and brother of Lord Naas) have been unanimously elected members of the executive committee of the Conservative Land Society. J. Lewis Ffytche, Esq., of Thorpe Hall, Lincolnshire, has been added to the list of patrons.

COLOGNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

I REGRET having to record to the readers of the *Musical World* a schism in the *Kölner Männer-Gesang-Verein*, which, it seems, cannot end otherwise than in its dissolution. The cause of dispute is as follows:—A short time since, certain members of the Society, thirty-two in number, without having demanded the sanction of the others, gave a concert at Solingen. By a mistake of the Solingen printer of programmes, the performance was announced as a concert of the *Kölner Männer-Gesang-Verein*, whereas it should have been by "MEMBERS OF THE 'K. M. G. V.'" The direction supposing that the thirty-two had been giving a concert on their own account *wittingly* in the name of the Society, called them to order in an article in the *Cologne Gazette*, signed by the direction; in answer to which came an explanation from the thirty-two; another letter from "members who were not in Solingen," denouncing the hasty conduct of the direction; and finally a general meeting of the Society, in which the thirty-two were censured for their conduct, whereupon they immediately withdrew from the Society. So much publicity has been given to the dispute, that it seems impossible for them to re-unite under Herr Weber. By their secession, the Society has lost eight out of ten of its first tenors, besides many of its most active members. What the seceders will do is still veiled in uncertainty. I have heard it mentioned that they are likely to join the *Liedertafel*, in which case they will probably elect Herr Carl Rheinthal conductor.

The first part of an oratorio, *Jephtha und seine Tochter*, by C. Rheinthal, was performed at the last Casino concert, under the direction of the composer. It gave satisfaction, and is pronounced by the local critics to be the work of an able composer. At a former concert I heard Berlioz' *Flucht nach Ägypten*, the second part of his "so-called" sacred trilogy. Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* was played to-night, for the seventh time, so I think may be called successful, but its success, I fancy, depends more upon the novelty and the prettiness of the scenery, than on any intrinsic worth in the music. One certainly finds some very pretty music in it, but scarcely enough to make up for a great many barbarities.

Herr Ferd. Hiller has gone for a month's musical tour to Weimar, Dresden, and Leipsic, so we shall have no grand concert till after the Carnival. The *Nieder-Rheinisches Musik-Fest* is to be held at Düsseldorf this year, during Whitsuntide: Hiller is to conduct.

FOREIGN.

VIENNA.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The only fact worthy of notice at the Imperial Opera House, has been the appearance of Mad. Doria-Lasslow as Lucrezia Borgia, in the opera of that name. Her performance was not great, but it appeared to satisfy the audience. The third and last character in which Mad. Doria-Lasslow will appear, is Elvira in *I Puritani*.

Mdlle. Wilhelmina Claus has already become a great favourite. Her second concert took place, on the 28th ult, in the rooms of the Musikverein, before a very numerous and fashionable audience. The programme was especially interesting. The first piece selected by Mdlle. Claus was one of the noblest and most beautiful compositions of modern art, namely, Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. The *Scherzo* was encored. The fair *beneficiaire* then played some variations from Händel's *Suites des Pièces*, and the prelude and fugue in C sharp major, from J. S. Bach's *Clavier bien Tempéré*. One of the musical journals here very justly remarks that the tone produced from the instrument, by the gifted young artist, was so full and powerful that the audience, at times, were almost inclined to believe the piano was changed into an organ. The so-called *Musique de Salon* was effectively represented by a *Nocturne* of Chopin's, and a "Rhapsodie" (No. 4—*Wintermärchen*), by Herr Dreychock. Mdlle. Claus was rapturously applauded throughout. The vocalist was Herr Carl Olshbauer, who sang some *lieder* by Schubert and another. Herr Willmers, the pianist, à *coups de poing*, who has a pretty

English wife, is giving a series of four musical *soirées*. The first came off on the 22nd ult., in Seuffert's Rooms. It opened with a new trio, by Herr Zellner, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, which was well received. The other pieces were a *Wintermärchen*, and a *Danse des Naxades*, from Herr Willmers' *Impressions du Rhin*. Herr Ander, the tenor, sang two songs. The room was well attended.

BERLIN.—(From our own Correspondent.)—At the Royal Opera House, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* has been performed with great success, Mdle. Johanna Wagner sustaining the part of Clytemnestra, and Madame Köster that of Iphigenia. The eighth representation of Herr Dorn's *Niebelungen* took place on Friday. The composer was called on the stage at the conclusion of the opera.

We have had no lack of concerts during the week. Herr Rubinstein gave one, at which he played several of his own compositions, and was assisted by Mdle. Westerstrand as vocalist. Herr Julius Schulhoff gave another, and favoured the public with some of his latest productions. Then, too, we had, on Saturday last, the first of a series of concerts, got up by Herren Ries and Steifensand, for the benefit of various charities, in which good work they are assisted by a female chorus composed of some of the members of Teschner's Gesangverein. The concert-givers, together with Herren Richter and Espenhahn, performed a quartet by Prince Louis Ferdinand. The next in my list is the quartet concert of Herr Zimmermann and Co.; the programme included a quartet in E flat major, by Haydn, one in A minor by Schubert, and that in E flat major, commonly known as the Harp quartet, by Beethoven. To this I must add the third *soirée* for chamber music, given by the Herren Von den Osten, Grünwald, and Radecke, in the rooms of the Englisches Haus; the last *trio-soirée* of the Brothers Stahlknecht and Herr Löschhorn; and a concert of sacred music in the rooms of the Evangelischer Verein. The principal feature in the *trio-soirée*, was a new trio by Herr Schliebner, musical director in Stralsund. It is not without merit, but was found fearfully long, in spite of the "cuts" the performers had judiciously made.

Reissiger's oratorio of *David* will be performed on the 8th inst., in the Sing-Academie, and Bernhard Klein's *Dido*, on the 10th inst., for the benefit of the Gustav-Adolph-Verein.

Messrs. Roger and Vivier gave their second concert, last Friday, in the rooms of the Singacademie, which were again filled to overflowing. This has not occurred for many a day, since the more the newspapers have been crowded with concert advertisements the emptier have been the rooms. M. Vivier played an *Adagio Religioso* in E major, a romance called *La Plainte*, and a *Hunting Scene*, all of his own composition. The last was encored unanimously. It was a metal tube with which M. Vivier's imperial countryman, Napoleon I. (for M. Vivier was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica) gave his concerts to the world, blowing old kingdoms to the ground and raising new ones, to a pretty tune. M. Vivier, the Napoleon of crooked brass pipes, also comes forward as a law-giver; his energetic Corsican nature has decreed that the horn shall be a concert instrument, for, not content with one tone, he bullies and coaxes from it three at a time. He sounds the fundamental note in such a manner that the fifth and tenth (for instance, E—B—G sharp) are softly but distinctly heard, following on its heels like satellites. The effect is wonderful and beautiful.

By her performance of one of Bach's preludes from the *Clavier bien Tempéré* some *Variations* of Händel, and the "improvisation on Mendelssohn's 'Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,'" by Stephen Heller, Miss Arabella Goddard introduced herself to the public here, and fully justified the extraordinary reputation which had preceded her. Her mechanical execution is faultless, and in the quickest *tempo* the most trivial details do not at all suffer in clearness and finish. But we estimate more highly, even than this universal dexterity, the truly feminine grace and liveness of expression which she always gives in "warbling" the melody, as well as in the passages which wantonly play round and about it. The charming *artiste* was able to paint a smile, even on the stern features of the old masters—Händel and Sebastian Bach.

CORLENTZ.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been brought out, and well received.

DANZIG.—The operatic company are entirely engaged in the rehearsals of *Der Alte vom Berge*, by Mr. Benedict.

BREMEN.—The third Subscription Concert, under the direction of Herr Carl Reinecke, went off with great *clat*. The programme was excellent, including Beethoven's overture to *Leonore*, Mozart's Symphony in C major, and Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*. The *Liedertafel* sang the "Prisoners' Chorus" from *Fidelio*, and the "Huntsmen's Chorus" from *Euryanthe*; and the members of the Gesangverein, Hiller's *Gesang der Geister über den Wassern*.

WEIMAR.—Dr. Franz Liszt is engaged in getting up a series of subscription concerts and quartet *soirées*.

DRESDEN.—The whole energy of the management of the Royal Opera is at present employed in the production of *L'Etoile du Nord*, under the immediate superintendence of the composer.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—It is said that the municipal authorities will vote the sum of 68,000 florins (£6,800) for the renovation of the theatre which is in a very disgraceful condition.

LUBECK.—*Die Verklärung des Herrn* (*The Transfiguration of our Saviour*), a new oratorio by Herr F. Kühnstedt, professor and musical director of Eisenaach, has been produced and favourably received, under the direction of Capellmeister Herr G. Herrmann. Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was lately presented, for the first time in this city.

AMSTERDAM.—The rehearsals of Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* have begun, and the opera will be produced about the end of the month.

NAPLES.—The *Fête* of the Immaculate Conception has been celebrated with great pomp in Italy; Mercadante, the Neapolitan composer, wrote a hymn especially for the occasion, which was sung in the open air, at Naples, in the *Champ de Mars*, in presence of the king and all the royal family, the ministers of state, the army, and an immense crowd of people. There were altogether 1563 executants (of whom 883 were instrumentalists, and 680 vocalists) furnished, alone, by the officers and privates of the army.

TWO OPINIONS.

OPINION OF M. LEON GATAYES.

"THE shade of Weber would have trembled with joy to hear the melancholy, tender, pure, and radiant singing of Anna—Madame Deligne-Lauters. Was she, then, born for the part?—or is she the *beau-ideal* of that poetical type which lives and dreams under the sombre sky of Germany? Was the exceptional organization of this fair child of the North indispensable to its realization? What a sympathetic and penetrating quality of voice! What alternate magnificence and mellow fullness of tones! What a pure and thrilling organ! Mad. Lauters does not attract the ear alone; she appeals softly to the heart; troubles it, or makes it beat. I took notice of the date (and shall remember it) when I predicted for Madame Deligne-Lauters an elevated position, a glorious place in the foremost rank of the greatest singers."

OPINION OF M. HECTOR BERLIOZ.

"OF the grand *scena* she has not the least idea. She mingles two different feelings; she adds; she curtails; she reverses; she takes breath when she should sustain the note; she cuts the phrases in two, etc., etc. As to the prayer, she *burks* it, tramples it as it were under her feet with the innocent ferocity of a child. She does not even know how to sing the theme, but introduces a mass of miserable roulades, low notes like those of a man, and extremely disagreeable. To interpret as she did such a prodigy of musical genius, is an *abomination*, and a *stupid profanation*. Madame Lauters has a superb voice, but I fear she will never succeed in making use of it except in works of a trivial character."

"[Who shall decide when *Doctors* disagree?]"—ED.]

THE SOUTH SEA HOUSE.—This well-known edifice in Threadneedle-street with its Doric portico, its quadrangle with Tuscan colonnade and fountain, and extensive vaulted cellars is to be brought to the hammer, the Conservative Land Society having been already in the field to negotiate for the purchase by private contract; in which mode, it appears, the directors are not empowered to sell. The South Sea Company was originated by Harley, Earl of Oxford, in 1711, for the discharge of nearly ten millions of public debt, and in 1853-4 the South Sea Stock was converted or paid off. The building occupies more than half an acre of ground, and its value for building purposes is, of course, enormous.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—It is necessary to inform advertisers that we cannot undertake to extract advertisements ourselves, for insertion, from other papers. Whatever advertisements are intended for the *MUSICAL WORLD* must be sent to the Office by the proper authorities or their agents. This will render all mistakes impossible for the future.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of *THE MUSICAL WORLD*, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp.

It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor be addressed to the Editor of the *Musical World*, 28, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only, as writing on both sides necessitates a great deal of trouble in the printing.

TO ORGANISTS.—The articles on the new organs, published in the volume for 1854, will be found in the following numbers: 28, 30, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 42, 45, 47, 49, 51.

NEW ORGAN FOR MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.—A description of this instrument will appear in our next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSICA.—"Our own Correspondent" is already in existence!

AMATEUR.—There is no complete edition of Dussek published in England, and some of his best concertos and sonatas are out of print. We believe the concerto in G minor can be obtained at Chappell's, in Bond-street.

G. S.—Decidedly (in our opinion) Dwight's Journal of Music, which is published at Boston.

C. B. (Doncaster).—The request of our correspondent shall be attended to. There was no necessity, however, for the apprehensions he confesses to with such eminent good nature.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1855.

Now that the period of Richard Wagner's arrival approaches, it is well for Philharmonic subscribers to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with his art-doctrine, in order that they may easier comprehend his hidden meanings, and appreciate the subtler beauties of his compositions. We shall aid them to the best of our ability, by expounding, on fit occasions, whatever we have the wit to fathom. Our "line," however, not being interminable, there are likely to be many soundings too deep for us to "make"—like Bottom's dream, in Shakspeare, so called because it had "no bottom." In such cases we shall appeal to those, who, having engaged Herr Wagner as Conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts, must be well versed in his philosophy, and steeped by anticipation in the "music of the future." Just now, perusing the fourth "Reactionary Letter" of Herr Sobolewski, we stumbled on a rock a-head. In alluding to the revival of Sophocles' *Antigone*, with music composed by Mendelssohn at the instigation of His Majesty King Cliquot, Richard, sneering as usual, is more than usually obscure. "How charmed," he says, "were the erudite old boys with this *Antigone* at the Royal Potsdam Theatre!" The sneer is intelligible; but

the context is mysterious. Let Wagner speak himself, in diction that would bother Mr. Oxenford, and set Mr. Carlyle speculating on the confusion that proceeded from the overthrow of Babel by Divine interposition.

"Sie liessen aus der Höhe sich die Rosen streuen, die die erlösende Engelschaar 'Faust's' als Liebesflammen auf den beschwänzten Dick- und Dünntesfel vom kurzen geraden und langen krummen Horn herabflattern lässt; leider erweckten sie ihnen aber das widerliche Gelüste, das Mephistopheles unter ihrem Brennen empfand—nicht Liebe! Das ewig Weibliche zog sie nicht hinan sondern das ewig Weibische brachte sie vollends nur herunter. Heilige Antigone! dich rufe ich nun an! lass deine Fahne wehen, dass wir unter ihr vernichten und erlösen!"

The italicised words are quoted from Goethe's *Faust*. Now we humbly address ourselves to Mr. Anderson (who went to Zurich and ministered to Richard); we humbly address ourselves to that gentleman, and his brother directors of the Philharmonic, for an explanation of the above. What is it about?—to what does it refer?—how does it affect *Antigone*?—wherein does it influence the "music of the future," which the union of Sophocles and Mendelssohn would somehow appear to have offended?—what? how? wherein? why? It was no use consulting the free translation of our learned contributor. He, failing, doubtless, to apprehend Herr Wagner's meaning, turned the whole into sentences so smooth that the reader might glide over them—sentences, nevertheless, which, while extremely fair and specious, were by no means transparent. His dignity of course would not allow him to lay the passage before the editor of the *Musical World*, with a protest that it was untranslatable—even by himself, who had come safely out of the swamps of Abbé Vogler's theory of chords. His dignity as a polyglot would not allow of that. So he softly wrapped it up in diaphanous vernacular, calculating, that by this means, it would escape editorial notice. Thus far he succeeded, since both editor and sub-editor "slid" over it, without a pause. Whether not displeased to have got to the end of it, and little inclined to venture back again, we cannot undertake to say; at all events they passed it "*sans*" inquiry "*sans*" remonstrance. Not so the reader for "literals," who asked the meaning, and could get no answer.

Since our last number was published, and the fourth "Reactionary" appeared, with Herr Wagner's apostrophe exhibited in the phraseology of "our own translator"—like Barnum's mermaid in the glass case—we have applied to at least a dozen linguists for an explanation of the passage. In vain. They shook their heads, looked grave, and said—"It means something, no doubt, but what it means you must discover for yourself." The astrologer who unravelled, as follows, the mystery of the pimple on the cheek of King Cole—

"A mole on the face,
Bodes something will take place,
But not what that something may be"—

was not a bit more vague in his interpretation than one and all of these verbose and windy *illuminati*, who, conversant with any known root of any given word, in any dead or living tongue, were at their wit's end to get at the end of the wit of Richard Wagner. Thus circumstanced, "our own translator" was requested to draw up a new translation, *verbatim et literatim*. He did so with an ill grace; and we now place it before Messrs. Anderson, Card, Clinton, M'Murdie, Chatterton, Lucas, and Sainton, for their consideration:—

"They let from above for themselves the roses be strowed, which the redeeming angel-band of Faust, as flames of love, on the bethailed thick and thin devil, from the short straight and long crooked

horn, lets flutter down; unfortunately they aroused for them the repulsive feeling that Mephistopheles experienced while they were burning—not love! The ever-womanly attracted them not: but the ever-old-womanly completely brought them to the ground. Thee do I invoke, heavenly Antigone! Let your flag wave that we may destroy and redeem beneath it.”

Will the directors of the Philharmonic Society, men of letters as well as notes, afford us, in their courtesy, a clue of some sort by which we may be able to untangle this complex web? If not, will they place it before their secretary, one of the most enthusiastic apostrophisers of the “music of the future?” Mr. Hogarth might reduce it into plain from occult sense, make it exoteric instead of esoteric, and have it printed on a circular, ready to deliver when subscribers call upon Mr. Addison, of Regent-street, for their tickets. Failing in this, there is but one resource—viz.: to apply to Dr. Liszt. At Weimar, engaged intently on a new book of *Lohengrin*, and ever anxious to hold a torch by which the gospel of St. Richard may be revealed, Dr. Liszt will readily proceed, not for the first time by many, to do for Wagner what Proclus did for Plato, Taylor for Aristotle, and St. Thomas Aquinas for the Immaculate Conception. (“*Quare*,” etc., etc.) List!—list!—Oh Liszt! Enlighten our dulness, open our eyes—or lend us thy spectacles, that we may read the books, and not be lost to the future destinies of harmony, into which thou peerest, through a telescope as long as from Weimar to Leipsic. List!—list!—Oh Liszt! Come to our aid; or, if thou canst not come, send Pohl to save us! Remember that Richard is on the way. His shadow is before him on the rail, as far as Cöln. He will be here shortly, and then it may be too late. Send the books—the books—all the books! In them there may be hope.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE first concert of this Society took place on Monday evening at the Hanover-square Rooms. There was a numerous and fashionable audience, in spite of the weather, so unpropitious to out-of-door entertainments; and the performance may be said to have inaugurated the ninth season auspiciously. We subjoin the programme, which was excellent, as will be seen:—

PART I.			
Overture—“ <i>Der Freischütz</i> ”	Weber.
Part-Songs	Mendelssohn & Reissiger.
Symphony in A major	Mendelssohn.
PART II.			
Concerto—Pianoforte, in D minor	Mozart.
Part-Songs	Lachner & Zöllner.
Overture—“ <i>Les Diamans de la Couronne</i> ”	Auber.
Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.			

Since last year some important changes have taken place—changes which we are bound to regard as improvements. The investment of the *bâton* in the hands of Mr. H. Leslie was a wise step on the part of the amateurs. Mr. Leslie is one of themselves; and the more they can do for themselves, without extrinsic aid, the better will they be considered. But beyond this, the new conductor, as all the world knows (that is, the musical world), is an able and conscientious musician. It is to be hoped, now, there will be no further alterations—since nothing is worse for the discipline of an orchestra, whether of amateurs or of artists. Other modifications have also been made. The list of the orchestra, as at present constituted, is as follows:—

First Violins: Messrs. Ashton, Cazenove, D'Egville, Dendy, Dresden, Goodbody, Haythorne, Heath, St. Vincent Jervis, A. J. Leslie, Mendes, Pawle, Rougemont, Sparrow, the Rev. W. Wyndham, and H. Blagrove. —*Second Violins*: Messrs. Banbury, Burnand, A. Cohen, L. Cohen, Grainger, Holbrooke, Hughes, Ivimey, Manson, Colonel Moody, Ploeden, Robertson, St. Aubyn, Sim, and W. Blagrove. —*Violas*: Messrs. Abye, H. Cazenove, Cooper, Forster, J. Foster, J. Leslie, Stephens, R. Blagrove, and Clementi. —*Violoncelli*: Messrs. Church, Dobree, Lord

G. Fitzgerald, Messrs. Hughes, Lausseure, Sir W. C. Medlycott, Messrs. Morris, Paget (Lieut. Col. P.), A. Rougemont, J. Walmisley, and H. Chipp. —*Contra-Bassi*: Messrs. Conant, V. Morris, Rowden, Winsor, Mount, and F. Pratten. —*Piccolo*: Mr. Curtis. —*Flutes*: Messrs. Jekyll, and King. —*Oboes*: Messrs. Pollock, and Selby. —*Clarinets*: Messrs. Boosé, and Cutler. —*Bassoons*: Messrs. Baumann, and Snelling. —*Horns*: Messrs. C. Harper, Wetherall, Standen, and McDonnell. —*Cornet-à-pistons*: Messrs. Tatham, and Burchett. —*Trumpets*: Messrs. Zeiss, and Massey. —*Trombones*: Whittaker, Keightley, and Winterbottom. —*Drums*: Mr. Goodwin.

Thus, it will be observed, the number of professional assistants is greatly diminished—which, though a bad thing for the professors, is perhaps a good thing for the amateurs, who will be obliged to depend more on their own exertions, and attend practices accordingly. One of the reasons for curtailing the amount of professional aid was, that the professors were not, and, indeed, could not be (owing to their regular engagements) punctual at rehearsals; and this annoyed the conductors, and damaged the performances.

The test of Monday night was favourable; and Mr. Leslie came out well from the ordeal. The overture to *Der Freischütz* was famously played, and delighted the audience. The Symphony of Mendelssohn, except at the opening of the *finale*, which involved a bit of a scramble, was also highly satisfactory. There were no “selections,” at which some grumbled, but for which we were not sorry. Miss Poland, though very nervous, played Mozart's fine concerto with real feeling, and proved herself worthy to be called a professor rather than an amateur. It was charming to find so young a lady selecting such admirable music, and understanding it so thoroughly. She was applauded with the greatest warmth, and very deservedly. Herr Pauer, who sat by her side, is, we presume, her master. She does him infinite credit—the more so since this, we believe, was her first appearance in public.

The vocal songs, without accompaniments, excellently given by Herr Pauer's Society of Amateurs—the *London Deutscher Männer Chor*—about twenty voices in all, were well selected. That of Mendelssohn, however—“*Der frohe Wandersmann*”—was worth the rest all put together. The others were “*Nachtlied*” (Reissiger), “*Ständchen*” (Lachner), and “*March*” (Zöllner)—at the best trifles. The concert terminated effectively, with the sparkling and effective overture by Auber, which was played with great spirit.

Mr. Leslie was warmly received, and proved himself worthy of the part he has undertaken. As the *Daily News* observes, aptly enough—“he is himself an amateur, but an amateur *comme il y en a peu*.”

MR. GEORGE CASE'S Annual Concert at Exeter Hall, is announced for April 11th.

DEATH OF MR. O. SMITH.—Richard John Smith, commonly called O. Smith, the talented and favourite actor, for many seasons a member of the Adelphi company, expired on Thursday week, after a long and painful illness, in the 69th year of his age. Mr. Smith was designated Obi Smith, from the fact of his having performed the principal character in the pantomime of *Three Fingered Jack*, many years ago, with remarkable success. The name was afterwards abbreviated to O. Smith. As an eccentric actor, in parts of a wild, unreal character, Mr. O. Smith had no equal in his day. His best performances were in *Der Freischütz*, in which his Zamiel was very great, and in the *Bottle Imp*, which was made memorable by his acting. In many other parts, also, too numerous to mention, he achieved a high reputation. His loss will be severely felt at the Adelphi Theatre, of which he was for many years so distinguished a member.

SIGNOR BRIGNOLI, a young Italian singer of talent and promise, with an agreeable voice and a prepossessing appearance, has just been engaged as *primo tenore* for the new operatic speculation in New York. Signor Brignoli has already been favourably received at the concerts of the aristocracy in London, and has sung with success both at the Imperial Grand-Opéra and the Italian Theatre in Paris. He will be a decided acquisition for M. Max Maretzek.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE AT EXETER HALL.

THE art of reading or reciting a play well does not lie within the capacity of every actor. It requires superior mimetic powers, a varied knowledge of character, and a great command of the voice. These qualifications Mrs. Fanny Kemble possesses in an eminent degree. The faculty of recitation she appears to inherit from her father, the late Mr. Charles Kemble, perhaps the most accomplished Shaksperian reader that ever exhibited in public. Mrs. Fanny Kemble has obtained a reputation as a reader of the plays of the great dramatist hardly inferior to that of her father; if we mistake not, it was she who originated entertainments of this kind, in which she has been followed by other actors and actresses. As there are many people—in England, at least—who go to a concert room to hear an oratorio, but who will not visit a theatre to listen to an opera, so there are numbers who, from motives we need not investigate, deny themselves the pleasure of seeing a play acted, and yet have no objection to hear one read. It is, we believe, on this account that the recital of Shakspeare's plays in a public room has seldom failed to attract. Besides Mrs. Fanny Kemble—Miss Glyn, Mr. Wentworth Butler, Mr. Nicholls and others have given Shaksperian readings. We need scarcely say that Mrs. Fanny Kemble enjoys a higher name than any of these, and the announcement of Shakspeare's *Midsommer Night's Dream* at Exeter Hall, in her name, could not fail to interest the public. To heighten the attraction, the whole of Mendelssohn's music was performed, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, by a powerful band and chorus; the entertainment, therefore, was of a superior kind, and was listened to throughout with pleasure.

No play of Shakspeare is better adapted for recital than *A Midsommer Night's Dream*; that it was originally intended for the stage is open to question, on account of the greater part of it being written in rhyme. We venture a surmise that the last scene, where Puck enters and speaks the famous lines, beginning

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon—

was an after-thought of the poet. In the previous scene, after the dance and the departure of the clown, Theseus addresses the remaining characters thus:

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolled twelve—
Lovers to bed, 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn.
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguill'd
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

However, we do not insist; we merely throw out the hint for the consideration of Mr. Charles Knight in his next edition of the poet.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble's delivery of the dialogue and soliloquies on Monday night was characterised by fine taste and discrimination. To the love-passages of Theseus and Hippolita she imparted a dignity entirely in keeping with those regal personages. The tenderness and jealousies of the lovers, Lysander and Hermia, Demetrius and Helena, were varied with great felicity; the speeches of Oberon and Titania were effectively read; the quaint and luxuriant rhymes of Puck were uttered with vivacity; and the drolleries of Bottom, Quince, and Snug disclosed a fund of humour, occasionally dry, sententious, and slow, but always well studied and to the point. The accomplished lady was loudly applauded on several occasions during the recital, and at the conclusion received a hearty cheer from the audience.

Notwithstanding the beauty of Shakspeare's dramatic poem, and the excellence of Mrs. Fanny Kemble's reading, the chief attraction was unquestionably centred in the music, which is altogether worthy of the poetry, and ranks among the most genuine inspirations of Mendelssohn's genius. Of the performance in general on Monday night, we can speak in terms of unqualified praise; the band was selected from the Royal Italian Opera and the Philharmonic Societies, the chorus was numerous and efficient, and Mr. Benedict was the conductor. Of course the special features were the overture, the *scherzo*, and the

wedding march, which were tumultuously applauded and the last encored. The impression created by the performance was so great as to induce Mr. Mitchell, the projector, to announce a repetition on Monday next.

DRAMATIC.

MARYLEBONE.—*Leon of the Iron Mask* is the title of a three-act drama, produced during the week at this establishment. From its intrinsic merits, the excellence of the acting, and the splendour of the scenery and dresses, it promises to prove unusually attractive. Mr. Bayle Bernard is the author, and his name is sufficient guarantee for the dramatic vigour of the writing, and the interest of the story. Many pieces have been written both in French and English on the subject of the story of the "Man in the Iron Mask;" but Mr. Bernard, as far as we are acquainted, has not followed any known version. The popular supposition, that the Man in the Mask was the brother of Louis XIV., and heir to the throne of France, is assumed by the author; and the *dénouement* is happy, as in the case of one or two of the French dramas which are founded on the story.

The acting of Mr. W. Wallack as the "Iron Mask" was exceedingly good. The part offers many different phases to the actor; but Mr. Wallack appeared to master all with instinctive tact. Of course Leon has a lover, and Hortense is a charming heroine, and is played in a highly impassioned manner by Mrs. W. Wallack. The character of Rochefort, an old Huguenot soldier, who is attached to the fortunes of Leon, and follows him everywhere, watching round him and protecting him from harm, is well sustained by Mr. Edgar, who is gaining ground with his public.

Leon of the Iron Mask has been played every evening during the week, and its attraction appears to increase with each successive representation.

ADELPHI.—A new drama in five divisions—two prologues and three acts—called *Janet Pride*, by Mr. Dion Boucicault, was produced at this theatre on Monday evening, with great success. Why the first two acts—to simple comprehensions they are nothing else—should be termed "prologues" is not readily understood. It is, we are aware, a custom of modern French dramatic writers—who, in as far as they are able, aim at the preservation of the unities—to entitle the first act of a play, when separated by any term of years from the rest, a "prologue." Nay, the intervention of a brief period of time between act first and second will sometimes entitle the former to the name. As a familiar example, we may instance the opera of *Lucrèce Borgia*, the first act of which has always been accepted as a prologue to the other two. Why, we could never satisfactorily make out, the more especially since the first act is as essentially embodied in the story as the second or third. But fashion, like instinct, is a great "matter;" and, as we copy the French in so many things, it is not unreasonable that we should follow them in the article of nomenclature, even when we cannot understand their application. The drama of *Janet Pride*, however, surpasses any French work we are acquainted with, in the fact of its having two prologues. An author, at a loss for novelty, may perhaps, ere long, venture upon three prologues, another upon four, and another upon five, until, at last, fashion will supersede custom altogether, and prologues take the place of acts. In this manner, the first act of *Othello* will lose its proper title; and *A Winter's Tale* and *Pericles* require to be thoroughly examined to find out how many of the introductory acts are really no acts at all, but prologues or introductory chapters. This is, indeed, playing the martinet with terms, and to no purpose.

Janet Pride, despite its French divisions, is, in all respects—with, perhaps, a difference in the writing—an honest melodrama of the true Adelphian breed. Vice and misery are its foundation stones; never-pausing excitement its life-blood; and alternations from mirth to murder, from crime to goodness, the head and front of its support. There is, however, much that is powerfully attractive in these common-place materials, wrought into a plot so well constructed by Mr. Dion Boucicault. The first act is decidedly the best; and few things more agitating have been

witnessed on the stage for some time than the scene where the mother, to save her child from the starvation that would inevitably befall it through the father's neglect and drunkenness, places it in the box of the Foundling Hospital, drops dead on the snow, and is stumbled over at the same time by her wretched husband, who is reeling home from a debauch. There are some powerful scenes in other parts of the drama, but they cannot rise from this; and though the termination is brought about skilfully, and poetical justice is dealt to all the characters, the mind is hardly satisfied. The first act, or prologue, takes place in Paris, in 1834; the second act, or prologue, some ten years subsequently, in Australia; and the last three acts, the veritable play, in England, in 1854.

The acting of Madame Celeste and Mr. Webster in the principal characters was excellent. They both had arduous parts—Madame Celeste had two, mother and daughter—but Mr. Dion Boucicault, with his usual tact, wrote expressly with a view to their peculiar capabilities. Mr. Keeley had a humorous part, of which he made the most; and Mr. Paul Bedford figured conspicuously through one act as a bloodthirsty bushranger in the woods of Australia.

The piece was put on the stage with every requisite that could give it effect, and some of the scenes were really beautiful. That *Janet Pride* will have a successful run, we cannot for a moment doubt.

REVIEWS.

No. 1.—“FATHERLAND FOR ME.” Song. Composed by Ferd. Gumbert. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

No. 2.—“FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.” Song. Poetry by Longfellow—Music by E. Schultz. Ditto, ditto.

No. 3.—“AT EARLY MORNING.” Duet. Poetry by W. Bartholomew, Esq.—Music by F. Kücken. Ewer and Co.

No. 1 is a smooth ballad in D flat, both words and music being in the approved and ancient “fatherland” style. The harmony is generally good (a little *Spohrish*, of course), though there is nothing new in the tune. We object, however, to the dominant *pedal* on A flat—in bar 2, page 1—which, unprepared, comes in harshly and with an ill grace directly after the minor chord of the supertonic. There is also a terrible “engraver’s error” in the first bar of line 3, where a *natural* appears, instead of a *flat*. Such ballads as “Fatherland” appear by myriads in the German market, which is pretty nigh choked with them. We have had a surfeit of *Das Theure Vaterhaus*.

No. 2—“Footsteps of Angels”—is better, though, for all that, it might well pass for genuine Spohr. It is an elegant ballad in four verses, without any variations, either in the melody or accompaniment. The poetry, however, is expressed with feeling; and that poetry is among the most beautiful and human of the American Longfellow. Who is unacquainted with those stanzas beginning—

“When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night,” etc.—

and who would not like to emulate Mr. Schultz in setting them to music!

No. 3—“At Early Morning”—is one of those pretty, but, we must add, insipid trifles, of which the composer of “Trab, trab, trab,” is no doubt capable of manufacturing some half dozen before breakfast. The two voices jog on merrily in thirds and sixths, with an occasional “imitation” of the most infantine character, while the accompaniment is about as worthily employed in doing what amounts to little better than nothing.

“LET US WANDER BY THE OCEAN”—Duet, for two treble voices—Written by Carrington Moore. Music by E. J. Loder.

“COME LET US AWAY TO THE FIELDS”—Duet, for two treble voices—Written by Carrington Moore. Composed by E. J. Loder. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

Simple, melodious, and voiced to perfection, nothing can be suited better for the drawing-room than these fresh and charming duettinos by one of our most experienced musicians. They are written on the accepted plan, with solos for each voice, *ensembles* and *coda*. There is not a vestige of effort or elaboration in either

of them, but the hand of the musician is betrayed in the manner of using the voices, whether alone or combined, in the pure feeling for harmony, and the extreme finish of the accompaniments. We have no preference for one over the other, and so can recommend both. The words by Mr. Moore are flowing and sensible.

PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—(Feb. 2).—A new opera, entitled *Hamet and Zelena* composed by Signor Lanza, has been produced, with success, at the Théâtre Royal. The characters were sustained by Miss Lanza, Mr. Haigh, Mr. Corri, Mr. Ellerton, and Mr. Durand. The *libretto* is very trivial; but the music, though trivial too, is light and pretty, and the performance will no doubt prove attractive. A trio, “Forgive,” received a well-merited encore; and the same honour was bestowed upon a ballad sung by Mr. Haigh, called “Upon a bank.” Miss Lanza was very effective in her part. Her voice, though very small, is pleasing, and her execution neat. M. Levey, the *chef-d’orchestre*, deserves much credit for the pains he has taken with the opera.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent).—At the People’s Concerts on the 20th ult., the band of the Orchestral Union performed in the Music-hall to a crowded audience. The *bâton* was in the hands of Mr. Frank Mori. The programme comprised the overtures to *La Gazza Ladra*, *Ruy Blas*, and *Leonora*, with various operatic selections. Miss Milner varied the performances by the introduction of Mozart’s “Non mir dir,” and other songs, in which she was applauded. The fact that Miss Milner was a townswoman was not forgotten by the audience.—On Saturday evening, the 26th ult., Miss Birch, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Alfred Pierre, and Mr. Frank Bodda, made their third appearance this season at the People’s Concerts. The room was not full. There was no novelty in the programme. The committee, with the same party of vocalists, might have ventured upon giving one of their extra nights, and performed the *Creation*, or one of the sacred works which, it is said, they have in preparation.—At the Stock Exchange Hall on Monday, the 28th ult., Mr. Willy gave his second Quartett Concert to a crowded audience. The programme included Haydn’s quartet in G (No. 75), Mozart’s in D major, and Beethoven’s trio in G, two solos by Mr. Willy, and songs by Miss Senior, a local artist. The executants with Mr. Willy were Mr. John Pew (second violin), Mr. Bowling (tenor), Mr. Priestley (violinocello), and Mr. James Broughton (pianist). The quartetts were performed in a satisfactory manner, Mr. Willy’s playing being unexceptionable throughout. In the previous Musical Union Concert, the selections from *Fidelio* were sung in three different languages, Madame Rudersdorf, Mdle. Sedlazeck, and Herr Formes singing in German, Signor Benedetti in Italian, and the chorus in English—or rather *Yorkshire*, which is *not always* English. For the next People’s Concert on Saturday the 10th, the services of Mrs. Enderssohn, Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips have been secured.

LEICESTER.—Messrs. A. and H. Nicholson gave their annual concert on Tuesday last, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Thomas, and the private band of the Duke of Rutland. The programme included “O ’tis a glorious sight” and “Good-bye, sweetheart,” by Mr. Sims Reeves; a song by Mr. Waley, with oboe *obbligato*, “Sing on, ye little birds,” by Mrs. Reeves (oboe Mr. A. Nicholson); “The Desert” and “The tight little island,” both given by Mr. Farquharson and encored; solos for flute Mr. H. Nicholson, and oboe Mr. A. Nicholson; and “Rage thou angry storm,” sung by Mr. Thomas. The band played overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Zanetta*. The concert hall was crowded, most of the families of distinction in the town and country being present in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

WORCESTER.—The second concert of the Worcester Glee and Madrigal Union took place at the Natural History Room on Monday evening. The selection of glees, songs, and madrigals afforded much satisfaction. Among the glees were “The Village Choristers” (Moscheles), “Discord, dire sister” (Webbe), “Behold the woods” (Mendelssohn), “The Tars” (Hatton), and “Peace to the souls of the heroes.” Mrs. Evans, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Mason were the solo singers; Mr. C. H. Redgrave the accompanist.—Mr.

Davies has been giving some learned and interesting lectures on Ancient Music, at the Natural History Room. They have been well attended.

OLDHAM.—Mr. John Lees, professor of music, gave an evening concert in the Town Hall, on Thursday, January 25th. The artists engaged were Miss Birch, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Alfred Pierre, and Mr. Frank Bodda—Mr. John Lees presiding at the pianoforte as accompanist. The audience, which was scanty, comprised most of the leading families resident in the neighbourhood, and the concert throughout afforded general satisfaction. Mr. Lees is deserving of encouragement for this undertaking.

UTTOXETER.—(From a Correspondent.)—The ninth anniversary of the Uttoxeter Literary and Scientific Institution was celebrated on Friday, the 2nd instant. The new Town Hall being just completed, the opportunity was taken to add its inauguration to the festive day, and the town was thronged, in consequence, with the nobility, gentry, and commonalty of the county. I shall pass over all the ex-musical doings—for which, I dare say, you have no spare room in your columns—and come at once to the grand *Soirée Musicale*, as it was called. The vocalists were Misses Birch and Lascelles, Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Lockey, Pierre, and Frank Bodda; the instrumentalist, Mr. W. H. Holmes (pianist). Of the vocalists it is unnecessary to speak. Of Mr. W. H. Holmes, the eminent pianist, you have not had occasion to speak so frequently. Independently of this, I select him for especial notice, as the impression he created was almost unprecedented in this somewhat out of the way, though by no means unmusical, place. Mr. Holmes played several *morceaux* during the evening, the most effective of which was his own *capriccio*, on "Partant pour la Syrie," which was enthusiastically encored, when he played "Rule, Britannia," with one variation. Mr. Holmes was, in a subsequent part of the evening, specially requested by Lord Waterpark to play his fantasia, introducing "The Blue Bells of Scotland," which was instantly complied with, and received with loud and long continued applause. Besides the above, Mr. Holmes performed the "Wedding March" from Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and some minor pieces which I cannot recall. In the course of the evening in one of his speeches, Lord Waterpark complimented Mr. Holmes as one of the best of our English pianists. The concert was a long one, and was rounded off with a friendly dance—alias, a ball—given in the spacious room of the Cross Keys Inn, at which Mr. Scotcher's quadrille band attended. Upwards of six hundred persons dissipated into hops the hours till morning. Verily, it was a great day—and night—for Uttoxeter.

ATHERSTONE.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Thursday evening last, the 25th ult., Mr. and Mrs. Paget (R. A. M.), gave a concert in the new Corn Exchange, under the patronage of the Right Hon. the Earl and Countess Howe, and others of the nobility and gentry. Mr. and Mrs. Paget were assisted by Miss Rainforth, who displayed her usual taste in "Sweet Home" and "Auld Robin Gray," both of which were encored. Mrs. Paget was heard to advantage in the air, "Ah! rendimi," and was encored in "Kathleen mavourneen," and one of Mendelssohn's duets with Miss Rainforth. Mr. Paget sang Handel's "Arm, arm, ye brave," and a ballad "What will they say in England?" being encored in the latter, and in a comic duet with Miss Rainforth. Mr. Walter Brooks, late assistant organist at Gloucester Cathedral, accompanied the vocal music on the piano, and performed Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor, and a fantasia on his own account. The concert commenced with "Partant pour la Syrie," and concluded with the National Anthem.

PONTEFRAC.—Mr. J. L. Hatton, the pianist and composer, gave his entertainment here on Monday the 22nd ult. The audience was meagre, and but little satisfied, owing to the transfer of the literary department from the care of Mr. Hatton to that of Mr. Martin Cawood, of Leeds, who was not *au fait* at the business.

STRET FORD.—The second concert of the Stretford Musical Society was given on Monday evening last in the new Public Hall. The artists were Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Perring, and Mr. Delavanti, with a select chorus—Mr. George

Humphries, resident professor, officiating as pianist and conductor. The audience comprised most of the leading families in the neighbourhood, the large room being well filled in every part. Mr. Perring sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," and the recitative and air "Nina." Mrs. Sunderland was labouring under a severe hoarseness, and did not produce her usual effect. Mrs. Thomas, who possesses a *contralto* voice of no inconsiderable power, is hardly equal to Mozart's "L'Addio." The chorus, although selected carefully, were feeble and inefficient, and showed a want of rehearsals.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR THOMAS A. AND LADY B., TOUCHING THE ORGAN IN CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—At our church it was one day considered desirable to put up a new organ, the old one having outlived its efficiency. To our joy (I write for brother auditors as well as for myself), the new instrument arrived—a handsome fellow, the very personification of power and beauty. Our organist, an expert hand, had no sooner proved his ability to control the large creature with the best possible effect for all parties, than a terrible onslaught commenced from a weekly host of nervous folks, headed by Lady B. These folks suffered materially, if the stopped diapason got added to the dulcians; most pitifully, if the swell box ever got open whilst the two diaspasos were sounding; and beyond all endurance, if a pedal-pipe or a chorus stop by any chance broke loose. So these good folks, some of whom had endured their cushioned benches for twenty years or more, found themselves ready to perish, and possibly would have perished, had they not hit upon the powerful expedient of threatening to quit both pew and piety, unless the organist, who, as they said, "couldn't play a bit, and didn't know sharp from flat," could be coerced into *playing less*, and shutting up the instrument whose tones proved so distracting.

Cowards may be pushed into bravery—weak nerves may be pursued into omnipotence. Accordingly, Lady B. and her party gained the day, and were not routed from their cushioned ease. But what about our new organ and its accomplished master? Ask Sir Thomas A. He is dreadfully cut up, but doesn't despair yet. In conscious pride that he was a large and warm contributor to the organ fund, and has some *sovereign* remedies still left in his purse (for he, too, is wealthy), he feels sure that the authority who commanded the organ into bondage will be glad to order its liberation, so soon as he shall awake to the dilemma into which the *weakly wealthy* ones have dragged him. And the dilemma is this. Sir Thomas A. and his party (you may suppose I mean the *Armstrong* party—wait, and see) are strongly of opinion that their money has been obtained under false pretences, as nothing can be falser than to allure by the promise of greater effect, and to supply less—and they can prove that their old organ was the greater in effect. They further consider it a fraud to pay an eminent professor £80 a year for effects which the bellingranger would be glad to work with a crank and a barrel for an additional £20 on his yearly pay—especially considering that £80 will not remunerate the professor for any reputation he may lose whilst playing with two fingers and a thumb, on pain of dismissal if caught at more.

But the main reason why the *Armstrong* party paid for a new organ was, that a noble instrument might be secured, and the praises of "the great congregation" might nobly ascend from floors to roof (and higher too, they hoped), and that something worthy of Christian worship might be the characteristic of their Sabbath rejoicings for all the blessings of this life, and for the hope of a brighter one beyond. There is truth with the *Armstrong* party, and I know they will triumph. Their leader, Sir Thomas, though of a high family, does not profess to understand aristocratic religion. A great congregation does not appear to him to be a congregation made up of great folks; and albeit he is himself a great man in society, he would rather take his place amidst a goodly congregation, and not call it a great one at all, if any mistake must necessarily arise about the name. Whether the worthy minister of the church has taught Sir Thomas this enlightened view of the case, or whether he needs to be taught it by Sir Thomas, I cannot say; but I sincerely hope that the former supposition is the true one. I can then confidently predict that he will soon assure Lady B., etc., etc., that although he would prefer their continuance with his flock, he can no longer consent to that flock being starved because of any offence their ladyships may conceive at the healthy vigour of their fellow-worshippers.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

January 26, 1855.

AUDITOR.

WALLACHIAN MUSIC.

CARL JUNG, formerly captain in the Schleswig-Holstein army, and favourably known for his bold defence of the harbour of Eckernförder, writes to one of the German papers in the following terms respecting the very interesting Wallachian national music which he heard at the solemnization of a Gipsy wedding:

"Music and dancing form the chief elements of every festive meeting in Wallachia. The airs played by the musicians became gradually wilder and louder, and the eyes and faces of the dancers more excited, until the group at last worked themselves up into such a state of bacchanalian fury, that the dust flew up and around them in thick clouds, rendering it impossible to distinguish aught but the purring sounds of the fiddle and the Pandean pipes. The Gipsy musicians are indispensable to the Wallachians; they are to be seen on all festivals and Sundays playing dances in the Kretschma. In their own style they really play very well; as a general rule, the orchestra is composed of two fiddles, an instrument resembling the mandolin—from which the player produces the chords of the accompaniment by striking on it with a quill—and one set of Pandean pipes. I have never seen these Gipseys play from notes—which they are said not to know anything about, but they have so good an ear that it is said they can play anything after once hearing it. Their performances are naturally confined to the very peculiar national melodies of Wallachia. Wallachian music? How shall I convey any notion of it? It is an eternal yearning and lamenting, weeping and raving, hoping and fearing, loving and quarrelling; a mysterious history in tones, which a foreigner cannot translate into words, and all of which spring suddenly from one another without preparatory notice—a yearning for harmony in the minor key, and for eccentric melody, neither of which is ever successfully attained.

"At the conclusion of the dance, one of my companions turned towards the Gipsy who conducted, and, displaying a *Zwanziger*, asked him to play us something out of the "Liberty-time" (1848). The conductor merely gave a look at his comrades, and we immediately heard a chaos of tones as unintelligible and as deficient in a single leading idea as the Wallachian Revolution of 1848 itself was."

"I have often had an opportunity of noticing the impression produced respectively upon the Wallachians by the splendid bands of the Austrian regiments in the public gardens of Bucharest, and also by those of the Turkish bands there. The compositions of the greatest musical celebrities executed by the former left them cold and unmoved, but no sooner were the harsh and piercing sounds of the Turkish music heard, than the eyes and countenances of the audience brightened up as if they recognised so many old acquaintances."

This only shows that the primitive influence of music is wholly independent of form, and that national tunes have nothing to do with music as an art. In them the *ars celare artem* is uninvolved, since there is no art of concealing, and no art to conceal.

* In the opinion of Carl Jung.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT (England and Belgium).—On Tuesday appeared the copy of a convention between Her Majesty and the King of the Belgians, for the establishment of international copyright, signed in London on the 12th day of August, 1854, and recently ratified (on the 24th of January). From the date of the convention coming into operation, the authors of works of literature and art will be entitled to exercise the right of property in their works (where the laws now confer that right) in the territories of either country, and the protection given to original works will be extended to translations with certain express stipulations. Dramatic works and the performance of musical compositions will be included in the provisions of the convention so far as the laws of each of the two countries are applicable. Pirated works or articles will be seized and destroyed, and such penalties levied as the laws of each country may prescribe. Works, to be protected, must be registered;—if Belgian, at Stationers'-hall, London, and, if English, at the office of the Belgian Minister of the Interior, in Brussels. During the continuance of this convention, the duties now payable on the importation into the United Kingdom of books and musical works published in Belgium will be reduced to 15s. per cwt., and the duty on prints or drawings to 1½d. per lb. The duties now payable on the importation of books, and prints into Belgium will be reduced to and fixed at the uniform rate of 10f. per 100 kilogrammes. Books, etc., may still be prohibited by either Government. The convention is to continue in force for 10 years and from year to year, on the tacit agreement of the contracting parties.

SCRAPS FROM AN AMATEUR'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

METASTASIO'S EPISTLE TO JOMELLI.—The immortal poet and dramatist, Metastasio, the councillor, the admirer, and the friend of Jomelli, not having heard from the great musician for a considerable time, upon at length receiving from him a letter, answered him in a style that demonstrated the tender and unabated regard in which he held his virtues and his genius. The communication is dated Vienna, April 6th, 1765, and is as follows:—"And does my admirable Jomelli then remember me? The confirmation of this truth, of which, in spite of your eternal absence, I never doubted, has afforded me a pleasure which I am unable to describe. Indeed, I am so much the more delighted with your last kind letter of the 3rd of March, as I had so long in vain expected it; having sent you by M. de Bois some time ago my *Aloide al Bivio*, and since that written you a long letter, which ought to have been forwarded to you by Signora Scotti, at present the first lady at the Opera in England, who, on quitting this place, set out for London. But either my couriers have been to blame, or my despatches ineffectual; and yet I am so sure of your affection, and of my occupying a favourable place in your heart, that, whatever may happen, I shall never doubt the security of my station. I regard the two masterly airs with which you have kindly favoured me, as precious gifts; and, as far as the limits of my musical knowledge extend, I have admired the new and harmonious texture of the voice parts and the accompaniments,—the elegance of the one, the contrivance of the other, and the uncommon unity of the whole, which renders them worthy of your abilities. I must confess however, my dear Jomelli, that though this style impresses me with respect for the writer, you have, when you please, another, which instantly seizes on the heart without giving the mind the trouble of reflection. After hearing a thousand times your airs, *Non so trovar l'errore*, and *Quando sarà quel di*, with innumerable others whose titles I cannot recollect, that are still more seducing, they leave me no longer master of myself, but oblige me to feel that you must have felt in composing them. Ah! my dear Jomelli, do not abandon a faculty in which you have not and never will have a rival. In masterly airs, there may be composers, perhaps, who by dint of pains and labour will approach you; but in finding the road to the hearts of others, their own must be formed of the same fibre and be as sensitive as yours, which is different from all those who have hitherto thought on music. It is true that in writing in this new style, you cannot help sometimes expressing the passions in the way your own happy temperament suggests; but being obliged, in order to support your learned idea, too frequently to interrupt the voice, the impressions already made on the mind of the hearer are effaced; and, for the reputation of a great master, you neglect that of an amiable and most powerful musician. Adieu, my dear and most worthy friend. If you knew with what occupation I am oppressed, you would be better able to judge of that affectionate regard which so long prevents me from finishing this letter. Take care of your health, for the honour of the harmonic family—continue to esteem me, and believe me invariably yours, METASTASIO."

LEONARDO DA VINCI.—There have been two distinguished musicians of this name—one of whom flourished in the middle of the fifteenth and the other in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The first was a scholar and an illustrious painter, as well as one of the most excellent violinists of his time, and a great favourite of Francis the First. The second, a celebrated composer, was born at Naples in 1705, and was educated at one of the conservatories of that city. His first operatic production, *Ifigenia in Tauride*, came out at Venice in 1725. Its success was so great, that many of the principal towns in Italy were ambitious of having him for their composer. He afterwards set to music *La Rosmira fidele*; *Sirre*; *Didone*; *Semiramide riconosciuta*; and *Artaserse*. This last opera, his *chef-d'œuvre*, was heard with a degree of admiration equal to any that has ever been excited by the powers of modern music. The recitative of Vinci's *Didone* was considered as a model for future dramatic composers; and some of the first masters have profited by the study of it. This master was the first who conceived the idea of accompanying recitatives with a bass. The beauties of his compositions were numerous and striking, but his chief excellence was that of moulding his melody to the expression of nature, and of doing all that music could effect towards picturing the passions. This great musician and painter died in 1752, at the age of 47, owing his death to poison infused in a cup of chocolate, by one of his own servants, at the instance of a revengeful enemy.

THOMAS ROSEINGRAVE, son of Daniel Roseingrave, first organist of Salisbury Cathedral, and afterwards of Christchurch, Dublin, was born the latter end of the seventeenth century. The talent for music

which he manifested from his infancy, procured him the patronage of the Chapter of the Dublin Cathedral, from which he received a pension, in order to his being enabled to enjoy the advantage of studying in Italy. In the year 1710, he reached Rome, where he acquired the personal knowledge of Alessandro Scarlatti, and his son Dominico. After remaining in Italy eight or ten years, he returned to London, greatly benefitted by his travels, and obtained a seat in the Italian Opera orchestra. Having brought over with him the score of an opera entitled *Narcissus* and composed by Dominico Scarlatti, he brought it out at the Haymarket Theatre, where it was warmly received. The direction of the Opera House passing soon afterwards into new hands, he became disgusted with the altered state of the management, resigned his situation, and confined his practice to teaching. When the church of St. George, Hanover Square, was erected, he became a candidate for the organist's place. To secure their election of the most qualified of the solicitors, the select vestry applied to, and appointed Händel and Geminiani to hear them perform, and determine which was the more worthy of being preferred. Both the learned umpires immediately decided in favour of Roseingrave; and his election was secured by a decision the most honourable to his abilities. This situation he held till his death, which took place in 1750. Roseingrave was not only a man of strong natural talent, but a sound musician. His counterpoint is close and artificial; and, while the gift of imagination is evident in his compositions, they exhibit a skill and contrivance which point out his ingenuity as well as his learning. His published works consist of the additions he made to the opera of *Narcissus*, fifteen fugues for the organ; and twelve solos for the flute, with a thorough-bass accompaniment. Some short time before his death, he printed a set of sonatas for the harpsichord, by the younger Scarlatti, to which he added two of his own, that were universally deemed worthy of the company in which they appeared.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY has announced its first concert for Wednesday next in Exeter-hall, the proceeds to be given in aid of the funds of the Asylum for Idiots. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs have signified their intention of being present, and a part of the Hall in front of the orchestra has been appropriated for their use. For programme, see advertisement.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—Mr. P. J. Williams's first Evening Concert was given on Friday last (the 2nd). The artists were Misses Eyles, Susan Cole, Mrs. G. A. Cooper, Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Messrs. G. A. Cooper, W. H. Cummins, and T. W. Butler. The performances appeared to afford entire satisfaction to a numerous audience.

LA BAYADERE.—Auber's charming ballet-opera, the *Bayadère*, which has not been given for many years in London, will be revived on Monday at the Adelphi.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Kean has taken this theatre from Mr. Maddox, the lessee, for another term of four years.

LEARN TO WRITE AND DON'T LEARN TO WRITE.—There used to live in Krajowa a teacher of the pianoforte of the name of Simonis, the brother-in-law of Omar Pasha. He was arrested by the Russians on suspicion of keeping up a correspondence with the Turkish Generalissimo. His position was rather a critical one, but he proved his innocence in the most convincing manner—he could not write. It seems a strange caprice of Fate that while the Generalissimo made his way among the Turks, by his skill in writing, Simonis escaped death at the hand of the Russians because he was entirely ignorant of the art.

IMPROVEMENT OF CHURCH MUSIC.—An association has been formed for the improvement of Church Music in the diocese of Durham. The following is an abstract of the principal rules:—Any person subscribing not less than 5s. per annum is a member of the association. The society entirely disclaims all attempt at interference in the mode of conducting the musical portion of the service in any church, its object being only to assist, as far as may be, in order that whatever music is used may be as well done as possible. This it is proposed to effect by the engagement of competent teachers in various parts of the diocese, whose duty it will be to give instruction to choirs under the superintendence of the clergyman of each parish. The society will be inaugurated by a special service in St. Peter's Church, Newcastle, on Thursday, Feb. 8th, on which occasion a sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Hook, vicar of Leeds.—*Leeds Intelligencer*, Feb. 3rd.

For the convenience of our Provincial readers, we publish the following list of Book and Music Sellers of whom the *Musical World* may always be obtained.

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MR. NEATE begs to announce that he intends, in the course of next month, to publish an Essay on Pianoforte fingering, chiefly as connected with expression. Price 10s. to subscribers (whose names must be addressed to the author, No. 2, Chapel-street, Portland Place), and 15s. to non-subscribers.

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EXETER HALL.—The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the City of London have kindly signified their intention of being present at the performance by the New Philharmonic Society in aid of the Funds of the Asylum for Idiots, on Wednesday, February 14. Stall Tickets, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., to be had at the Office of the Asylum, 29, Poultry. Wm. Nicholas, Sub. Secretary.



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CLUB.—The Committee of this Club hereby OFFER a PREMIUM of FIVE GUINEAS for the Best ORIGINAL CHEERFUL GLEE, for four male voices, such glee to be written for the occasion and sent in on or before the 15th March next, addressed to the Secretaries, at the club room, George and Dragon Inn, Ardwick Green, Manchester. Each composition is to be distinguished by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed letter containing the real name and address of the composer, the glee and letter being endorsed on the outside with a corresponding motto. The manuscripts will be retained by the club, but the copyright will not be interfered with. The name of the successful competitor will be announced to each candidate immediately after the decision is given.

S. WOOD, Hon. Secretaries.

Club Room, Ardwick Green, February 9th 1865.

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MUSICAL WINTER EVENING.—Willis's Rooms.

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THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY FOR 1855.

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3. The Musical Doings of the past year.
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5. Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers, throughout the Kingdom, with their Addresses, &c.

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